

Butchering in Belgium.

Consul Tanner, at Liege, Belgium, sends the Department of State some interesting facts about meat in that State where so much system seems to abound in everything that is done.

All beasts that are butchered there must first be carefully inspected by a veterinary surgeon, and marked according to their quality. In Liege and all Belgian cities there is a large brick building set apart by the city to which all beasts to be butchered must be sent. They are carefully examined by a veterinary surgeon employed by the city, and if they show the slightest symptoms of disease are condemned, killed on the spot, and instantly buried. If the beast is sound but lean, it is marked with a red mark in a conspicuous place, which denotes second quality of beef. If it is in the best condition a blue mark is made on the breast, and two blue cockades given to its owner.

One of these cockades the farmer is glad to keep, and if one goes into a farm-house there, it is not infrequently happens that one sees the walls of the parlor decorated with the blue cockades. The second cockade goes to the shop where the meat is retailed, and no one is allowed to use the blue unless they have bought the beef that has won it, under severe penalties.

The city butchers the beast in the most approved manner at a very moderate charge. This simple manner is the most effective in guaranteeing the best of beef, because it can be seen at a glance the inducements to both the farmer and to the dealer in having the blue cockade; his cattle would not fetch as much in the market with the red mark, nor the shop be patronized so extensively, without the blue cockade. This system does more; it guarantees pure beef, and offers sufficient encouragement for the best qualities.

Horses are similarly examined before being butchered, and those buying the flesh know what they are buying, and the laboring classes are glad to get it.

The law is severe on any one who should butcher a beast without having it examined, and no deception is used about the quality of beef, nor can any be used. The blue cockade speaks for itself, and a second-class shop can lay no pretensions to having first-class meat.

Horse-flesh that is retailed is sold in shops that only deal in that flesh.

All beasts must be butchered at the building set apart for that purpose by the city.

The Consul says that on an average about 10,000 horses are butchered per annum in Belgium. The average price of the meat is five cents per pound. If a horse becomes helpless from age, or is crippled, he is put in as good condition as possible and sent to market.

If we in American cities had this system of inspection, or indeed, any system at all, it would be better for the health of the people, and the reputation of our packed and canned meats trade would suffer infinitely less from prohibition edicts abroad. Some day we shall come to this, as we shall, probably, to the eating of horse-flesh. That we do not eat horse meat now is owing greatly, of course, to the fact that beef, mutton and pork are plentiful and comparatively cheap, and that they are really more juicy and palatable than the flesh of the horse, but it is owing still more to the existence of ill-founded prejudice. The horse is cleanly in all his habits, compared with the animals whose flesh we eat, especially the hog; his food is of the best, and he has few hidden diseases.—*Prairie Farmer.*

Amusing an Editor.

In the party of prominent persons who arrived from Europe last Friday to visit Yellowstone Park, at Rufus Hatch's invitation, was William Hardman, editor-in-chief of the *Morning Post*, of London. Mr. Hardman is accompanied by his wife, and with the rest of the party has been staying at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and spending the last few days "doing" New York before starting for the West.

The *New York Tribune* says: Besides being editor of one of the oldest London newspapers Mr. Hardman has also for the last twenty years occupied the onerous position of chairman of the Surrey County sessions, and has thus enjoyed the pleasure of committing something like ten thousand rogues and rascals of various degree to cool their heels for a greater or less period of time in the county jail. He differs much in outward appearance from the Shakespearean ideal of the justice, for his kindly, ruddy, distinctively English face, so far from being adorned by a "beard of formal cut," is clean-shaven and guiltless of any approach to severity, while instead of "wise saws and modern instances," his conversation abounds with good humor. He had not been on American soil half a dozen hours before he was promptly given the title of "Judge," and as "Judge Hardman" he is known to all the Yellowstone party. There is no disputing the fact, however, that the "Judge" is almost aggressively British as regards the outward man, and as he walked across Broadway yesterday from the Fifth Avenue Hotel to the Brunswick, the merest glance at his portly form would have set a confirmed Anglophobe wild.

As he skirted the Worth monument, seeking its grateful shade, "Mr. Hardman was accosted by a short, thick-set man, with a black mustache, who rushed up to him and said: "How are you?" then, without pause, "you seem to have forgotten me. My name is Harrison, and I came over on the same steamer. But perhaps I am mistaken. What steamer did you cross in, and what was the Captain's name?"

"The Adriatic was the ship and the Captain's name Jennings," answered the "Judge."

"I beg your pardon, then, for I must have made a mistake. Excuse me," and the short, black-mustached man hurried off. Mr. Hardman pursued his dusty way to the Brunswick, and transacted his business, and on his return thought he would see whether the Madison Square Garden would not discount the Worth monument as regards shade. He had hardly entered it when a tall, thin-faced man, with a fair mustache, tallness as to dress and volubility as to speech, stopped him and began:

"How do you do?" A blank stare was his only answer.

"Ah, I see you don't remember me. My name is Harry Jennings, and I am the nephew of Captain Jennings, with whom you came over on the Adriatic."

The "Judge" knew his man in an instant. He had sentenced too many of his kidney to six months' hard labor to be mistaken, but thought as there were so few theaters open he would see the cheap little comedy played out.

"I'm glad to meet you again Mr. Jennings, but for the minute I had quite forgotten you. Stupid of me, wasn't it?"

Mr. Jennings took the arm of his newfound friend and sauntered with him through the cool and shady walks of the garden. They talked on various topics, and Mr. Jennings showed himself a man of considerable information. From Yellowstone Park to Rufus Hatch the talk turned to literature and American literary men, and it appeared that Mr. Jennings was the happy possessor of a portion of Longfellow's library. Not only that, but he was desirous of giving Mr. Hardman a beautifully-bound copy of Tennyson, with the author's and Longfellow's autographs on the title-page. The "Judge" obligingly consented to receive the gift, and was conveyed by Mr. Jennings on board a 3d avenue street car, or "tram-car," as the chairman of the Surrey sessions called it. Mr. Jennings paid the fares, and, alighting at 14th street, led the way to a quiet-looking house east of 3d avenue. They were let in by a servant, whom Mr. Jennings questioned as to the arrival of the books. They had not come, but a letter had, which Mr. Jennings opened, and on the contents of which he asked his new acquaintance's congratulations. He had won \$500 it appeared. The Judge gravely congratulated him, and was then invited to step up-stairs and see how it had been won.

In a small, sparsely furnished room up-stairs an elderly man was sitting at a desk. Complying with Mr. Jennings' request, this elderly man produced a small shiny blackboard on which were mysterious figures. Jennings and the elderly man then commenced a game the intricacies of which were beyond Mr. Hardman's comprehension, but the fact was evident that Mr. Jennings was winning largely. In a few minutes he took Mr. Hardman aside, asked him if he would try his luck to the extent of eleven dollars. The "Judge" was obdurate. "See here, now," said Mr. Jennings, "if you put up your eleven dollars and lose it I will make it all right. Unless you play I cannot go on winning, and if you lose I will give you half my winnings. Besides, you might win yourself, you know."

The intended victim thought it was about time to ring the curtain down. "Gentlemen," he said, suavely, "I am much obliged to you. As a stranger I like to see all I can; as a Judge in a criminal court I am interested in the ways of all criminals. You have lost some valuable time and five cents car fare, and I am indebted to you. Good day!" And with a deep step and mien upholding the dignity of the English bench he withdrew, leaving "Hungry Joe" alias "Mr. Jennings" and his "pals" lamenting.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

A Dead Give-Away.

A certain young Hebrew traveling man, now on the road, but with an older companion, bought a special ticket of a scalper and got aboard the train in good shape. When the conductor came around he took up Isaac's ticket and looked at the name, and then at Isaac, shook his head, and said:

"What's your name?"

"Let me see my ticket."

"Can't you tell your name without seeing the ticket? This won't do. You'll have to get off at the next station or pay your fare."

This agitated Isaac profoundly, and he turned to his companion and said:

"Moses, I've forgot my name that was on the ticket; can you tell me what it is?"

"Will you leaf me see dot teeket, Mr. Coondogter?" inquired Moses. The conductor showed it to him. "Mein Got, Iseck, vot name is dees? Patrick Moriarity! No wonder you don't remember dot name! Dond you nefer got mit dot name on it? Dey will all de times gif you afay. Dem Coondogter looks at dot nose and den at dot name, und he schmilts mit himself ven he dinks of a Patrick behind a nose like dot. Oh, Iseck, ven you grows older you will know a krate deal more as you knows yoost now. Mr. Coondogter, I vill pay dis goslink's fare to de stoehopping place vere ve gits off.—*The Drummer.*

Extraordinary Memory.

A teacher of mathematics named William Lawson, who died at Edinburgh in November, 1757, on one occasion to win a wager made by his patron, undertook to multiply regularly in succession the numbers from one to forty, without other aid than his memory. He began the task at seven o'clock in the morning and finished at six in the evening, when he reported the product, which was tested on paper, and found to be correct. It made a line of forty-eight figures, and a fair copy of it long occupied a place on the wall of his patron's dining-room, for which it was framed and glazed. It may be added, that in the course of the day on which the mental calculation was made Mr. Lawson received his pupils as usual and gave them their ordinary lessons in Latin.—*Belgravia.*

Twenty years ago Miss Christine Roberts, the belle of Hartford, Conn., was engaged to marry a promising young man of that city, but he died on the eve of their wedding day. She was disconsolate, and never appeared to care for the company of gentlemen until she saw a resemblance to her former lover, and she married him.—*Hartford Post.*

Dakota is a great country for good girls to emigrate to. The *Dakota Journal* says: "A girl in Dakota with a dollar to her name stands as high in the community as one blessed with a fortune. The man can make the fortune." That is sensible. Dakotians are right. Marry for love and work for money is a good maxim in any country.—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

How to Drive a Horse.

Young man, I see you are about to take a drive this morning, and will offer you some advice. Your horse is restive and wants to be off before you are ready; you may as well break him of this now as at any other time, and hereafter you will find that it has been a half hour well spent. Just give me the reins, while you put your foot on the step, as if to get in; the horse makes a move to go; tighten the reins and say "whoa." Now put your foot on the step again; the horse makes another move; I hold the reins and speak to him again. The horse is getting excited. Pat him a little on the neck, and talk to him soothingly. Put your foot on the step again, and repeat this process until the horse will stand still for you to get in, and adjust yourself in your seat, and tell him to go. A few such lessons will train him so that he will always wait for order before starting.

Now, as your horse has just been fed, drive him at a very gentle pace for the first two or three miles, until he warms up and his body becomes lighter. But, before you start, let me show you how to hold the reins. Take them in your left hand, have them of equal length from the bit, and to cross each other in your hand, the off-side one resting on your first finger, the other on the fourth finger, the back of the hand upwards. Now, in guiding the horse, you have only to use the wrist joint, which will direct him either right or left, as you wish. Keep your hand steady, with gentle pressure on the bit—no jerking or switching of the reins. If more speed is wanted, take the whip in your right hand, to be gently used for that purpose; be careful not to apply it any harder than is necessary to bring him up to the required speed.

Speak to him soothingly, and intimate in the most gentle manner, what you want him to do, and he will try to do it. So noble an animal should not be handled roughly, nor over driven.

When you return, have the harness removed at once, and the horse rubbed down with a wisp of straw or hay. Give him a bite of straw or hay, and let him cool off before watered or fed. Every one who handles a horse, or has anything to do with one, should in the first place cultivate his acquaintance; let him know that you are his friend, and prove it to him by your kind treatment; he needs this to inspire confidence, and when that is gained, he is your humble servant.

If your horse gets frightened at any unusual sight or noise, do not whip him, for if you do he will connect the whipping with the object that alarmed him, and be afraid of it ever after. If he merely shies at an object, give him time to examine it, which, with some encouraging words from the driver, will persuade him to pass it. You get frightened, too, sometimes, and would not like to be whipped for it.—*Stock Journal.*

Autumn Styles.

Though the summer has but just reached its height, the busy workers in city shops are already thinking of the next season, and the large furnishing and importing houses are preparing dresses, wraps and bonnets for the early autumn. First among these are the new materials for woolen dresses; these are rough-finished cloths and camel's-hairs of a single color, that have the appearance at the first glance of being coarse, because they are not smoothly woven, but are made of fine wool with that oil finish which makes a fabric so pleasant to the touch. They are also of light weight on account of being sleekly woven, yet they are warm and clinging, and will be sufficient protection until midwinter. These are not confined to plain colors, but are also in the woven tapestry patterns with borders of antique designs as well as limousin stripes of quaintly contrasted colors and in blocks, bars, checks and plaids. It is difficult to predict as to the success of plaids in this country, but both plaids and stripes are now fashionably worn abroad in combination with plain fabrics. The fancy for making the skirt and draperies bias in these stuffs has extended to stripes as well as plaids and blocks among the imported dresses, but the effect is not always good. Wool batistes for early autumn dresses repeat the almost invisible checks worn during the summer, and are most seen in black and white mixtures that produce clear gray effects; these batistes are cloths of light quality, and many ladies prefer them to tricot or Amazon cloths, as they can be worn almost the whole year, while the thicker ladies' cloth is too heavy for any but winter costumes. Fine French cashmeres and the softer, more loosely woven cachemire-de-Indes will again be worn for over-dresses above skirts of velvets, velveteen, ottoman silk and brocade. Redingotes will be worn again, of more or less masculine shape, and very long, while polonaises for wool dresses will assume blouse shapes, being full in the waist and belted in a way very becoming to slight figures. Basques open over vests that may be plain, with side pockets, or ornamented with braiding or embroidery, or they may be the full puffed and plaited Moliere vest, with full frills of lace down the center. Plain round and full skirts will be worn without flounces, but trimmed with bias folds, tucks, broad bands of velvet, or else with scalloped embroidery set on plainly, that is without gathers. These skirts may be simply gathered to the belt at the top, but when made of velvet, cloth or other very heavy fabric, they are attached to the belt in very large plaits, and these plaits fall into natural folds, flowing loosely without being secured in stiff folds by tapes underneath, as plaited skirts are now arranged.—*Harper's Bazar.*

A Minnesota man returned after years of absence to find his wife married to another. As the present owner declined to yield his claims, and the doubly wedded woman showed no desire to return to her first love, he promptly called on a lawyer and asked him to draw up a quit claim deed in favor of his successor.—*N. Y. Herald.*

German law courts are not over-polite to the fair sex. A lady witness in a Strasburg court, who had sworn to the ownership of only twenty-six sun-umers, when in reality, she was the happy possessor of twice that number, was indicted for perjury.

A Great Pedestrian.

Eugene H. Smith resides on Fair Haven Heights, the invigorating breezes of which are well calculated to produce brawn and muscle. By a careful physical training he has been able to perform wonderful feats in the pedestrian line, although he has not wearily plodded for gain or fame. With Mr. Smith the tiresome rambling along city streets or lonely country roads has become a duty, and on no occasion has he failed to perform this duty, save in the face of overwhelming circumstances. The history of Mr. Smith's wanderings reads almost like a romance, although few people in this city are aware of his success in pedestrian efforts. This gentleman desires no publicity concerning his marvellous powers, but as there has been some dispute concerning his work he is willing that a simple statement of facts should be made.

Prior to 1863 Mr. Smith was considered an excellent walker. From early boyhood he was much addicted to outdoor sports, and in almost any game was proficient. Like many other men who have made their impress upon society, Mr. Smith was a graduate of Starr's Guilford Academy; Adirondack Murray was an attendant at the same time, and the two have had numerous contests at football on the old village green. Smith measures five feet ten in his stockings, but Murray is a taller man, and could readily get away with his contestant at football, indeed Murray is said to have kicked the ball higher than any lad in Guilford. But those days have passed; the graduates at Starr's Academy went out into the world to pursue their various paths down the highways and byways of life; and Smith and Murray, too, drifted apart in professional life. In some respects, however, the two lives had points of similarity; Murray became a great preacher, and Smith has always been animated with a consuming zeal for pulpit honors, and in fact is training for a parson's life.

In 1863 the subject of this sketch was treated for a pulmonary complaint, and was recommended by his physicians to try walking, believing that he needed outdoor exercise rather than to be surfeited with distasteful drugs and potions—feeling that with a more rigid physical training robust health and long life would follow. But the doctor builded better than he knew, or rather his advice was followed out to the letter—something that is seldom realized by the majority of medical men. Indeed, for twenty years Mr. Smith followed out the rigid recommendations to the letter and is still ambling at a rate of ten to twenty miles per day. For a score of years Mr. Smith has averaged fifteen miles per day, and wears out miles many of them have been, for it matters not for ice or sleet, for pouring rain or scorching sun. Mr. Smith was at the fore, only content in getting in his work, and never sleeping until the stipulated number of miles were covered. That which was begun as a sense of duty to save life grew into second nature, and is likely to be continued until age renders the weary limbs unable to cope with space.

But if figures sometimes lie, Mr. Smith never does, and his statement of miles covered in a given number of years may be relied upon. "At a very moderate estimate"—these are his words—"I've averaged fifteen miles a day during the past twenty years, which makes an aggregate of over 100,000 miles. I can safely say that during my life I have walked enough miles to encircle the earth six times."

Mr. Smith's rule is to walk at least ten miles each day, and he has made fifty-five miles in twenty-four hours; but the fifty-five miles record would not count Mr. Smith five-days, walking, as he must compass ten miles each and every day. He is trained to the English walk, which provides for erect head, the body taking care of itself. But right here it would be well to state that one day in April last Mr. Smith was unable to perform his task, else he might call the writer to task on grounds of veracity; save in this one instance Mr. Smith has made his miles every day for a fifth of a century. During a troublesome storm in the month of showers, Mr. Smith found himself on board a sailing vessel off Cape Cod. It was indeed boisterous weather, and the old sea-dogs with difficulty held to the deck. Indeed, it was a bad day for walking, even on terra firma; and on a rolling vessel, leagues from shore, the task was doubly perplexing. Mr. Smith called a council of war, but it was the smallest concourse that ever assembled, for Mr. Smith was the only attendant. He reasoned with himself, bethought himself of his proud efforts in the past for well-nigh twenty years without a break of a day, and his soul sank in his boots. But what could be done? To walk in such a storm, on so unstable a foundation, was not considered possible; so, with sorrow and remorse, the hero of more than 7,000 campaigns—or rather walks—gave up this particular walk.

During all these years Mr. Smith, who is a devoted student, has been able to study six hours per day, and for much of the time has been engaged in bookness. He speaks of his success with pride, and it is due to strictly temperate habits, careful dieting and good feet. Indeed, his feet have never troubled him, and he has been very careful of them. His present duties as a merchant require him to stand upon his pedal extremities several hours per day besides his walking hours; and yet he has few, if any, corns or bunions, and his feet are always "fresh"—so to speak. But this condition has required care; tight boots afford no temptation for him, and toothpick shoes do not allure.—*New Haven Palladium.*

In Lapland the sun never goes down during May, June, and July, but, in winter, for two months he never rises at all. His place, however, is somewhat supplied by the wonderful northern lights, which flash and flicker in the gray skies. They look like fires of a thousand shapes and colors. Now like clowns, and now like domes; now like flashing nets, and now like streams of silk; now like banners, and now like arches—these welcome guests make a night beautiful.—*Chicago Herald.*

Lieutenant Wissman, who, some time ago, walked across Africa from Zanzibar to the mouth of the Congo, has returned to Berlin, and has been received by the Crown Prince.

An Examination of Bridges.

The examination of bridges, relative to their safety, is a matter of vital importance to those passing over them, and is a duty that can only be reliably performed by one having long experience in bridge construction and a thorough knowledge of the mathematical questions involved. The mere running over of a locomotive, or an excessive load, is no guarantee of permanent safety. It is better to know how long a structure will carry an off repeated light load in safety than how great a single load it will stand. The two seem to bear, for practical purposes, but little relation to one another.

One of the first points to be settled by the engineer is the plan of the bridge; if not in accordance with good practice of to-day, if so proportioned that some members are subjected to strains leaving too small a factor of safety, if not of sufficient strength to carry loads in excess of those for which it was designed, caused by increased traffic, then the structure is condemned without further consideration, or else changes obviating these difficulties are recommended. To ascertain this the parts are measured and the strain calculated, and if found to be safely within the limit of the strength of iron, all is well so far. The operation also requires the examination of the effects produced by different loads, moving and at rest, and wind pressure.

The care and skill with which the parts were put together, the state of the rivets, bolts, and pins, and the deterioration of the iron due to atmospheric influences, come up for debate, and where the strength has been materially lessened, new parts are advised to be inserted. The ties, rails, and guard rails, although not entering into the problem of the safety of the bridge in a direct manner, are nevertheless, responsible for the care of the trains, and are reported upon.

The piers supporting the bridge, and their foundations, present a more difficult task. If the piers are of iron or masonry, the work is comparatively easy. Undue settlement is readily discernible. In the case of pile foundations, the ravages of worms, being below low water line, are hid from view, and the weight the piles will bear cannot always be accurately found. The removal of one pile or more, and the condition of the remainder reasoned from its condition, is safe within certain limits. If the exact strength of any member be in doubt, or approach too near the limit of its strength, decision is invariably cast in favor of the traveler, and the member is unhesitatingly condemned. That it will probably stand the strain is of no moment and is not thought of; but that it might possibly give way decides the question of its banishment.—*Scientific American.*

Swallowed a Snake.

A very peculiar case came to the notice of Agent Frelson, of the Associated Charities, yesterday. Several weeks ago the wife of one of the city patrolmen called on him and urgently requested him to aid her in finding the whereabouts of James and Agnes Burns, whom she met eight years ago in Oconomowoc. She declined to tell the reason why she desired to find the people, but declared she would give everything she possessed to find a trace of their present residence. The eagerness with which she desired to find Mr. and Mrs. Burns and the mystery surrounding the case caused Mr. Frelson to urge her to tell her story, which she did, while the tears coursed down her cheeks. She said no doubt Mr. Frelson would consider her insane, but she would relate nothing but the truth. Eight years ago she was in Oconomowoc, where she became acquainted with John and Agnes Burns, the former a baker. Mrs. Burns cautioned her against drinking any water in the open air, as she would be sure to swallow something terrible, but if such an event should ever occur she must turn to her for relief, as she was the only one who possessed the means of cure. Sometime after the lady in question, disregarding the warning, drank a quantity of water from one of the springs. She says she experienced a peculiar sensation as though something slid down into her stomach. Since that time the object has been growing, and now appears to be seven or eight inches long. She can plainly feel it moving around in her stomach, and life is a torment to her. She is always hungry. She can eat all day long, but the ravenous feeling never deserts her. She believes that the animal is a snake, and a number of physicians from whom she has sought advice agree with her. She is very desirous of finding Mrs. Burns to obtain the remedy which the latter claimed to possess, and feels that unless she succeeds death will ensue in a short time. Drs. Senn, Fox, Mason, and other local physicians have examined the peculiar case, and advise her to submit to an operation. The snake, if such it is, is constantly growing, and if she fails in finding Mrs. Burns, she will have the surgical operation performed.—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

New York again steps to the front with an old couple. The parties in question are Peter Bogart and wife, of Downsville, Delaware County. They are both in their ninety-sixth year, having been married seventy-six years. At the celebration of their seventy-sixth anniversary of the marriage there were present descendants to the fifth generation. They have a daughter who is seventy-three years old, and a sister of Mr. Bogart is in her seventy-ninth year. Both are living with the aged couple.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Some months ago a prominent colored preacher died in Walter County, Georgia, without apparent cause, which led many people to believe he had been conjured. A gypsy fortune teller said he had been voodooed by putting lizards under his pulpit. One of the prominent members of the church was pointed out as the one who did it. He was taken up before the council, and he and his wife dismissed as wicked conjurers.—*Detroit Post.*

Queen Victoria has received a woman physician, Mrs. Scharlieb, with unusual favor at Windsor Castle, giving her a likeness of her royal self, and encouraging her to excel in her profession.

The Bone Business.

The question is often asked what is done with the heaps and collections of bones that are daily carted away from our back yards and alleys. Whether to be crushed in the maw of some huge machine, or to be dried and bleached and split and sliced for the manufacture of buttons, knife handles, and an innumerable host of sundry articles, or to what other possible or impossible purpose, is only a matter of conjecture in the minds of the many. Certain it is that the "grimy-visaged" bone-hunter and his sad-looking, slow-going nag, which ever seems to order its ways as though aware that its own mortal framework might ere long be dumped into the smutty, rank-smelling cart behind it, and the oft-repeated load to be carted away to its mysterious rendezvous, are a patent, every-day fact.

The bone-curing profession, though, perhaps, not of a pedigree so ancient or quite so renowned as that of either law or medicine, is rapidly coming to the fore as a distinct and recognized avocation. It is a striking and salient example of the genius of civilization, that the humblest and most unlikely materials—the very dust of our bodies, yea, even "old bones," are turned to account and made to do duty for the good of the race.

The business can properly be said to be one of the industries of Toronto, having a full quota of its own peculiar craftsmen. The number in the city who are actually engaged in bone-gathering can only be a matter of conjecture, as numbers of irregular or temporary gatherers are in the business, while the regular bone-man's field of labor is "far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife," in the seclusion of a back alley or a lonely dumping ground, while his labors are often "under the cover of darkness." It is estimated that some two or three hundred individuals in the city are either wholly or partially engaged in gathering, handling, exporting, or manufacturing them into staples of commerce. The business of collecting them is principally in the hands of some ten or fifteen junk or marine shops scattered through the city, who generally get them for what they like to pay for them, and deliver them over to the large importers and manufacturers, generally at a trade price which at present ranges about sixty cents per hundredweight. What are retained for use by a principal Toronto firm are manufactured into two very valuable fertilizing agents—viz., bone dust and superphosphate of lime. The processes of the manufacture of both are quite simple, the former being obtained by crushing the bones in a large, heavy machine adapted for the purpose, and putting them through a drying process, while superphosphate of lime is manufactured by first crushing the bones, then breaking them down by treatment with sulphuric acid.

"Is there much of a demand for these fertilizers through the country?" inquired a reporter of a dealer in the bone business the other day.

"Well, no, the demand has always been small, and there does not seem to be much prospect of its increasing at present. At no time since the manufacture has been started in Canada, and I am the pioneer of it, has there been a tendency to a boom in the business. There has always been a small but steady demand."

"How would you compare them with ordinary manure?"

"I should judge that one ton of bone dust contains an amount of phosphoric acid equal to that contained in one hundred loads of manure. The trouble is, however, that Ontario farmers as a rule do not seem to appreciate high fertilizers, while many of them ignore altogether the use of manure on their lands. It is altogether different in the well cultivated districts in the old country, where the fertilizing of the land is made a regular science."

"I suppose you ship off a considerable quantity of bones to the States and other markets?"

"Yes; a large quantity of what are gathered in the city, as well as through the country, is sent to the other side for fertilizing purposes, and still more is shipped to Montreal, where it is largely used in the sugar refineries there. In the refineries it is by a certain process manufactured into animal charcoal, which is an essential property in imparting to refined sugar its white crisped appearance. You see what a useful commodity even dirty old bones are."

—*Toronto Globe.*

In a Business Way.

"Mr. Smith, will you indorse my note of twenty dollars?"

"Why, I should expect to have to pay it if I did."

"Certainly—certainly."

"And so I might as well lend you twenty dollars."

"Exactly, you are quite correct."

"And I shouldn't expect you to ever pay it."

"Of course not; of course not."

"Then why didn't you ask me direct to give you twenty dollars?"

"Because, sir, I do business in a business way. I never borrow money of a man who will indorse for me, and I make all calculations on the indorser paying the note. It's the same thing in the end, but we arrive at it in a business way. I believe in making the horse draw the cart. You can give me twenty dollars, sir, but if you will have the kindness to indorse a note for that amount, I will see that you are twenty dollars out of pocket."—*Detroit Free Press.*

One who has returned from the Eastern fashionable summer resorts—an overworked merchant—reports: "Pleasant enough, all of them, health and real enjoyment now generally steer clear of those resorts where the 'idiotic fashionables' most do congregate. Male and female dudes, little poodle dogs and the aping of English cockneyism are too much for them—nauseating, as it were. No place for men of brains—nor for women of brains, either." He says he and his wife started out at the Thousand Islands, went to Saratoga, dropped in at Coney Island, Long Branch, Cape May, Atlantic City and Newport, and found a good many fine people there, but no rest, no real comfort—nothing but fashionable tomfoolery."—*Detroit Post.*